

From Shadow

into

Everlasting Light.

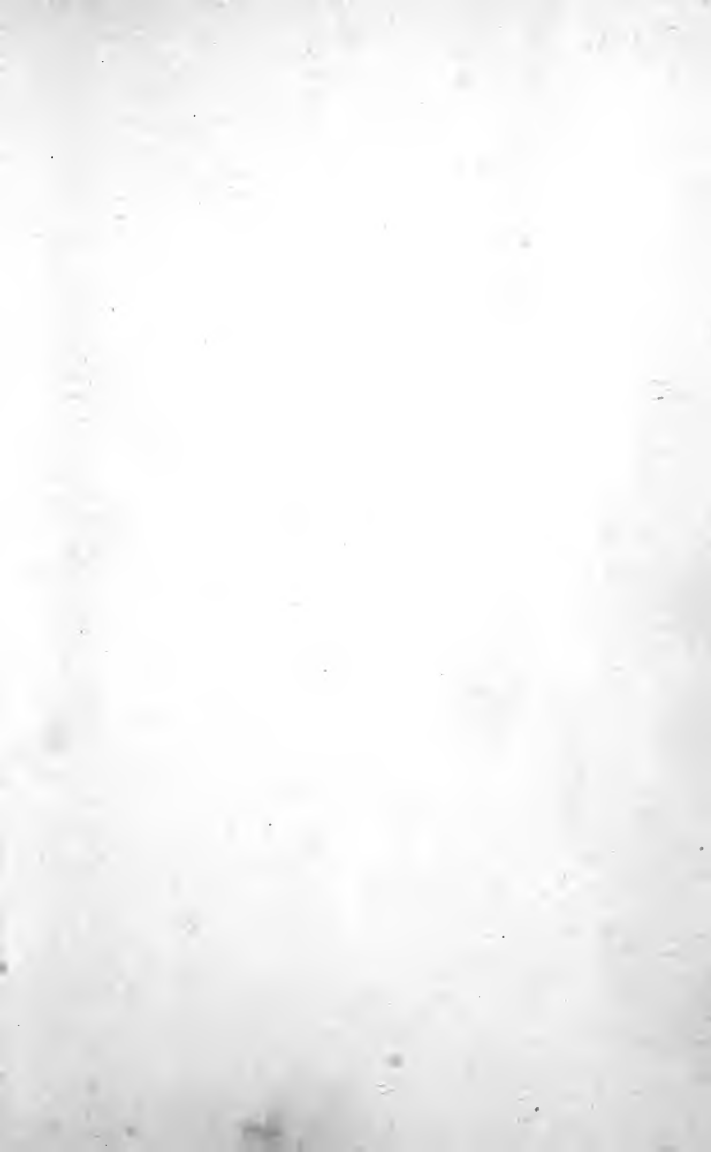


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From Shadow into Everlasting Light.



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OR

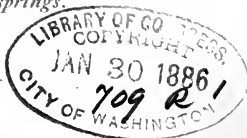
EASTER THOUGHTS.

DESIGNED BY

MYRTILLA N. DALY.

"

*Thou art the type of immortality
O butterfly, with splendid wings,
Which from the sleeping chrysalis
Into such radiance springs.*



HARD & PARSONS:
NEW YORK.

1886

PS1499

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FROM shadow, into everlasting light ;

The glad dawn following the night,

After our human doubt ; the certainty,

From death, to glorious immortality.

Divine Love.



WELCOME thou wondrous Easter morn,
O day of days most blest, most bright,
O dawn which shed around the earth,
O new and glorious light.

THE conqueror Christ is risen to-day,
Death swallow'd up in victory,
Wide is the Easter message borne,
His children are made free.

RANSOMED through love, the Father's
love

Giving for us His only Son,
For us, the tender pitying Christ,
Laying His dear life down.

THEN on this mighty love rely,
The promised Peace comes from above.
If in return for love divine,
We give our human love.

Faith. Hope. Joy.

WHEN Abel, he the first of earth who died,
Heard life eternal promised,
When the seed should bruise
The serpent's head;
His faith saw through the mist
Of coming years,
The Lamb of God, redeem a sinful world.

Faith. Hope. Joy.



THEN Hope was born,
And as the faith and hope
Which in that far off time
Gave promise of a life to come,
So on that first bright Easter morn,
When from the silence of the tomb
Our blessed Lord arose,
He filled with joy the sorrowing hearts
Of those who erst had mourned.

Joy.



NOW with the promise of a place prepared,
The Peace which He has given,
Again an Easter song ascends
Rejoice for Christ has risen.

Alleluia.

CHRIST IS RISEN.



THE Resurrection of our Lord,
We celebrate with joy to-day;
Let every heart and voice accord,
In tuneful songs of melody.

DEATH could not hold in his embrace,
The Prince of life and light,
He rose to ransom by his grace,
And prove His love and might.

LET us exalt the Prince of Peace,
Who triumph'd o'er the grave,
And with hosannas join the throng,
Of those He came to save.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,
neither have entered into the
heart of man, the things which
God hath prepared for them
that love Him.

Paul, 1 Cor. 2:9.

“Blessed are they that mourn.”

O SORROW brings us near to heaven,
Is it for this that grief is given?
To draw our blinded eyes,
From earth up to the skies;
To wonder what 'twill be
That great life of eternity,
To which we nothing can compare,
But if we love its Lord to share.

FAIRER 'twill be than aught the eye
hath seen,

Happier to be, than e'er we yet have been,

Better 'twill be than that pure ecstasy

When we are thrilled by some great
melody,

Which into low sweet minor changes blends,

And then, in passionate swift crescendo
ends.

If through this life we cannot understand,

Lead us, dear Lord, to that fair promised
land.

Easter.



HOW beautiful the Easter morn,
When Jesus rose from out the tomb.
The dew of Heaven sweet perfume spread,
Like fragrant incense round His head.

BET earth rejoice and swell the praise,
Of Jesus' love, redeeming grace;
Let all the Nations join the song,
That echoes round Immanuel's throne.





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